



Assassain



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Chapter 1 by Emily

I clung onto the knife inside my skirts. It was covered in folds of Silk brocade, twirling in the candlelight of the ball. It was 1852, the year of my coming out ball. That was today. Not that I enjoyed it, though. Too much silk and courtiers and sparkles. Still, I do not think any of the visitors would find me interesting if they knew what I was doing. I fled out of the hall, thinking those delicious thoughts to myself.

I found Christobel in the drawing room, staring out of the window and fixing her hair. I clutched the knife even tighter.

"Why, Christobel." I said. "How nice to see you."

She had once been my best friend. Not any more. Not since she told Mademoiselle the... secret. Now she had to go.

I held up the knife, and prepared to see the last of former friend Christobel.

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